RBE X SOB that's the gang Bboy taught me

And if I choose to ride
Thuggin' 'til the day I die
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
And when the mama's cry
The morning of the homicide
They still won't give a fuck about us

And then they wonder why, why so many niggas die Ain't no hope it ain't no jobs just more statistics on the rise And then they wonder why, why so many niggas die Just more murders, more revenge just more victims on the rise You can look me in my eyes, the boy ain't never lied Lord ain't never led me wrong but the devil is a lie And the devil told the truth but to the cops I told a lie When it's just you, yourself and you, and me, myself and I I know I'ma do my shit it ain't no question 'bout it When you grow up that's all you know it ain't no questions 'bout it And then I went around the world, it made me wonder why Why the grass a lot more greener on the other side But I ain't trippin', if it's pressure then it's on I know some niggas who ain't never made it home They don't care whether we live or if we don't That's why I gotta tote this plastic and this chrome

And if I choose to ride
Thuggin' 'til the day I die
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
And when the mama's cry
The morning of the homicide
They still won't give a fuck about us
And if I choose to ride
Thuggin' 'til the day I die
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
And when the mama's cry
The morning of the homicide
They still won't give a fuck about us

I'm thuggin' 'til I die I'm clutchin' when I ride And you be loose lip and I ain't fuckin' with' yo' kind Keep my distance from the pigs, they just wanna give me time Little shit matter the most so pay attention to the signs They be tryna spread the peace, ain't no hope in that When you in that field by yourself, ain't no coachin' that Got problems with' my brother, deal with' me, now we both in that Keep this Glock on me for my safety it's a pole in that Feds lookin' for me? Yeah, but I'm already knowin' that They tell us that we equal, that's a lie, they ain't showin' that Treat us like we dogs tryna act like we don't notice that Livin' up in hell, it's so hard to get my focus back Don't give a fuck about us so I'm slidin' 'til my folks is back Feds can't keep a tab up on me nigga got em overlap And I know some killers want me dead, so I'm over strapped Yeah I know the world'll never change, I got over that

Bitch

And if I choose to ride
Thuggin' 'til the day I die
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
And when the mama's cry
The morning of the homicide
They still won't give a fuck about us
And if I choose to ride
Thuggin' 'til the day I die
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
And when the mama's cry
The morning of the homicide
They still won't give a fuck about us